

I hope to be in Boston
next week. I was present
at the first N. England An-
ti Slavery Convention, ^{thir-}
ty one years ago and I
wish to be at what I
foud some will be the
last. But we have a great,
an arduous work to do -
for the improvement, eleva-
tion, enfranchisement of
the colored population,
and scarcely less for the
whites, who have been de-
graded and corrupted
by slavery.

Yours affectionately
Samuel May.

readers and having a retentive memory, she was continually delighting us with scraps of history, biography or poetry most pertinent to the topic of conversation.

Of course, after having lived lovingly with her forty years, I shall not soon, if ever, feel at home in this world without her. But I would not bring her back again if I could. She had a great dread of death and I rejoice with her that she has got beyond the dark valley. I would much rather go to her, than have her come to me.

Give my love to your wife and dear children and be assured of my grateful & warm attachments to yourself. —

truthful, as pure in heart, as it
was possible to be. She never
professed more than she believed
and felt. And she was so un-
selfish that, like Aunt Charlotte,
she always preferred the com-
fort of others to her own.

For the last thirteen years
she has been an invalid; often
suffering severe pains most of
the time, feeling languid and
spiritless. Very frequently she
would wake in the morning
with a sigh, or saying oh how
wretchedly I feel. Still she
would go resolutely about
the cares of her house, and then
in the afternoon would take
a walk of 2, 3 or 4 miles, and
by this vigorous exercise revive
herself so that often in the
evenings she would be bright
and sprightly. She was a great

MS. 4.

Syracuse,
May 23. 65.

My very dear Friend

Ever since the receipt of your letter of the 15th I have wished to find time & spirits to thank you for it, in a letter, as I did in my heart. I know my bereavement would draw from your tender, loving & so true expressions of sympathy. But, where they came they were none the less grateful because expected.

You and dear Helen knew and loved my wife, and she respected & loved you, & yours. Your visit here last fall gave her, as well as myself, great delight. Lucretia was as sincere, as